amount of labor, serve no useful purpose"? That the making of these books does take a large amount of time cannot be doubted. It is a fact which even I, with my fatal habit of writing a text book in two weeks or less, can dimly discern. G. J. LAING

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LATIN VERSIONS

TO —— WITH A ROSE

I asked my heart to say
Some words whose worth my love's devoir might pay
Upon my Lady's natal day.
Then said my heart to me,
Learn from the rhyme that now shall come to thee
What fits thy love most lovingly!
This gift that learning shows,
For as a rhyme with its rhyme-twin goes
I send a rose unto a Rose! —SIDNEY LANIER

APOPHORETA

"Dic mihi, cor, quali verbo nunc scribere possim,
quantus amor mihi sit, si modo dicere fas!
fer dominae munus, natali luce serena".
Haec ego sic animo sic animusque dedit:
"Parvo fasciculo versus quos misi in eodem,
te quid, Amor, deceat, fantur, amata, tibi".
Namque simul donum mea docta puella resignat,
en versus gemini! bella Rosaeque rosa!

TEMPERAMENT

Alas! that hidden habit in the blood
Baffling the will that would eradicate!
Elusive as an eel that lurks in mud
To snap out sudden at the Tempter's bait.
—HENRY AUSTEN

UNUS UTRIQUE ERROR

Heu, istum, miserum esse occultum in sanguine morem!
quod volo non facio, nescio quidquid agam,
lubricus ut conger luteis submersus in undis
escam qui subito mordicus usque petit.

FROM "A CHRISTMAS SERMON"

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. —R. L. STEVENSON

HAEC EGO MECUM

Qui didicit vitam moderatam degere norma
inque dies rebus parcere sponte suis,
vivere qui voluit melius, qui dulcis amicis,
non sibi verum aliis, hoc aliterque libens,
contentus paucos servare tenereque amicos
(sit sibi conveniens), hic sapiens vir erit.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep,
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die,
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.
—THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

NENIA

Mentem levari si cupias tuam
sic, care, tu dormi, quiesce,
amore acerbo et tristitia gravi,
nec lacrimis oculi madescant.
Quiesce, maestum cor gravidum malis,
donec lavetur margine posterus
undis marinis in sereno
sol, oriente polo et corusco.
Mentis mederi si cupias tamen
amori acerbo et tristitiae gravi,
morti succumbas, care, morti—
dulcius est nimio altiusque
quam somnians ut subiaceas rosis
multis, opertis luminibus tuis—
vises tum amoris solus inter
astra oriente polo puellam.
—GEORGE DWIGHT KELLOGG

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I trust I may be allowed to revert to my remarks in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 2. 169 on the use of *nec, neque* in commands or wishes after positive expressions, partly to correct a misprint (for Hale-Buck 464. 1. 2 read 464. 1 b), partly to add a reference to a discussion of certain uses of *neque* and *neve,* by Dr. E. B. Lease, in Classical Philology, volume 3, especially pages 308 ff., partly to ask pardon for the sad lapse by which Schmalz twice appears as Schanz. C. K.